The Triumphs of Truth:

A Solemnity vnparaleld for Coſt, Art, *and Magnificence at the Confirmation and* Eſtabliſhment of that Worthy and true Nobly-minded Gentleman, Sir THOMAS MIDDLETON, Knight, in the Honorable Office of his Maieſties Lieuetenant, the Lord Maior of the thrice famous Citty of LONDON.

Taking Beginning at his Lordſhips going, and proceeding *after his Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maior*-alty at Weſtminſter, on the Morrow next after *Simon* and *Iudes* day, *October* 29. 1613.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots, Morning, Noone, and Night-Triumphes.

Directed, Written, and redeem'd into Forme, from the ignorance of ſome former times, and their Common Writer,

By THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Shewing alſo his Lordſhips Entertainement vpon *Michaelmas* day laſt, being the day of his Election, at that moſt Famous and Admired Worke of the Running Streame, from *Amwell-Head* into the Ceſterne at *Iſlington*, being the ſole Coſt, Induſtry and Inuention of the Worthy Mr. HVGH MIDDLETON of *London*, Gold-ſmith.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES. 1613.

The Triumphs of Truth.

A Solemnity vnparaleld for Cost, Art, and Magnificence at the Confirmation and Establishment of that Worthy and true Nobly-minded Gentleman, Sir THOMAS MIDDLETON, Knight, in the Honorable Office of his Maiesties Lieutenant, the Lord Maior of the thrice famous City of LONDON.

Taking Beginning at his Lordships going, and proceeding after his Returne from receiuing the Oath of Maiesty at Westminster, on the Morrow next after Simon and Iudas day, October 29. 1619.

All the Showes, Pageants, Chariots, Morning, Noone, and Night-Triumphes.

Directed, written, [illegible] into Forme, from the ignorance of [illegible] mes, and their [illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM

By THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Shewing also his Lordships Entertainement vpon Michaelmas day last, being the day of his Election, at that most Famous and Admired Worke of the Running Streame, from Ammell-Head into the Cesterne at Islington, being the sole Cost, Industry and Inuention of the Worthy Mr. HVGH MIDDLETON of London, Gold-smith.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES 1619.

TO THE GREAT EX-
Pectation of Vertue and Goodnesse,
and most worthy of all those Costs and Honors,
which the Noble Fellowship and Society of Grocers,
and generall Loue of the whole City, in full heap'd bounties
bestow vpon him, the truly Generous and Iudicious,
Sir Thomas Middleton, Knight, Lord-Maior
of the Honorable City of London.

AS often as we shall fixe our thoughts vpon the Almighty Prouidence, so often they returne to our capacities laden with Admiration, either from the Diuine workes of his Mercy, or those incomprehensible of his Iustice: but here to instance onely his Omnipotent Mercy, it being the Health and Preseruation of all his workes: and first not only in raising, but also in preseruing your L. from many great and insident dangers, e-

pecially in forraine Countries in the time of your Youth and Trauels, and now with Safety, Loue and Triumph, to establish You in this yeares Honor: crowning the Perfection of your Daies, & the Grauity of your Life, with Power, Respect & Reuerence. Next, in that my selfe (though vnworthy) being of one Name with your Lordship, notwithstanding all Oppositions of Malice, Ignorance and Enuy, should thus happily liue, protected by part of that Mercy (as if one Fate did graciously cleane to one Name) now to addresse to your Fame and Worthinesse, and my Pen, onely to be employd in these Bounteous and Honorable Tryumphs, being but shadowes to those Eternall Glories that stand ready for Deseruers, to which I commend the Deserts of your Iustice, remaining euer

To your Lordship, in the best
of my obseruance,

Thomas Middleton.

THE TRIVMPHS
Of Truth.

SEarch all Chronicles, Histories, Records, in what language or letter soeuer; let the inquisitiue man waste the deere Treasures of his Time and Eye-sight, he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subiect vpon earth receiued into the place of his gouernement with the like State & Magnificence as is the Lord Maior of the Citty of *London*. This being then infallible (like the Mistresse of our Triumphs) and not to be denied of any, how carefull ought those Gentlemen to be, to whose discretion and Iudgement the weight and charge of such a businesse is entirely referred and committed by the whole Society, to haue all things correspondent to that Generous and Noble freenesse of cost and liberality, the streames of Art, to æquall those of Bounty, a Knowledge that may take the true height of such an Honorable Solemnity; the miserable want of both which in the *impudent common writer*, hath often forc'd from me much pitty and sorrow; and it would heartily grieue any vnderstanding spirit to behold many times so glorious a fire in

bounty and goodneſſe offering to match it ſelfe with freezing Art, ſitting in darkneſſe, with the candle out, looking like the picture of *Blacke Monday*.

But to ſpeake truth, which many beſide my ſelfe can affirme vpon knowledge, a care that hath beene ſeldome equal'd, and not eaſily imitated, hath been faithfully ſhowne in the whole courſe of this buſineſſe, both by the Wardens and Committies, men of much vnderſtanding, induſtry, and carefulneſſe, little weighing the greatneſſe of expence, ſo the coſt might purchaſe perfection, ſo feruent hath beene their deſire to excell in that (which is a learned and vertuous Ambition) and ſo vnfainedly pure the loues and affections of the whole Company to his Lordſhip; If any ſhall imagine that I ſet fairer colours vpon their Deſerts, then they vpon themſelues, let them but reade and conceiue, and their owne vnderſtandings will light them to the acknowledgement of their errors. Firſt, they may here behold loue and bounty opening with the morning, earlier then ſome of former yeares, ready at the firſt appearing of his Lordſhip, to giue his eare a taſte of the dayes ſucceeding glory, and thus the forme of it preſents it ſelfe.

At *Soper-lane* end a Senate-houſe erected, vpon which Muſitians ſit playing; and more to quicken time, a ſweet voyce married to theſe words:

THE SONG.

Mother of many honorable Sonnes,
Thinke not the Glaſſe too ſlowly runnes
That in Times hand is ſet,
Becauſe thy worthy Sonne appeares not yet:
Lady be pleas'd, the hower growes on,
Thy ioy will be compleate anon;

Thou

Thou ſhalt behold
The man enrold
In Honours bookes, whom Vertue raiſes,
Lone-circled round,
His triumphs crownd
with all good wiſhes, prayers, and praiſes.

After this ſweet aire hath liberally ſpent it ſelfe, at the firſt appearing of the Lord Maior from *Guild-hall* in the morning, a Trumpet plac'd vpon that Scaffold, ſounds forth his welcome; then after a ſtraine or two of Muſicke, a Graue Fœminine Shape preſents it ſelfe, from behinde a ſilke curtaine, repreſenting *London*, attired like a reuerend Mother, a long white haire naturally flowing on either ſide of her: on her head a modell of Steeples and Turrets, her habite Crimſon ſilke, neere to the Honourable garment of the Citty: her left hand holding a Key of gold, who after a comely grace, equally mixt with Comfort and Reuerence, ſends from her lips this Motherly ſaluration.

The ſpeech of London.

Honour and Ioy ſalute thee, I am raiſd
In comfort and in loue to ſee thee, glad
And happy in thy bleſſings, nor eſteeme
My words the leſſe, cauſe I a woman ſpeake,
A womans counſell is not alwayes weake.
I am thy Mother, at that name I know
Thy heart do's reuerence to me, as becomes
A Sonne of Honour, in whoſe ſoule burnes cleere
The ſacred lights of diuine feare and knowledge,
I know, that at this inſtant, all the workes
Of Motherly loue in me, ſhowne to thy Youth
When it was ſoft and helpeleſſe, are ſum'd vp

In thy most grateſull minde, thou well remembreſt
All my deere paines and care, with what affection
I cheriſh thee in my boſome, watchfull ſtill
Ouer thy wayes,
Set wholeſome and Religious Lawes before
The foot-ſteps of thy youth, ſhow'd Thee the way
That lead thee to the Glory of this Day.
To which (with teares of the moſt fruitfull ioy
That euer Mother ſhed) I welcome Thee.
Oh I could be content to take my part
Out of Felicity onely in weeping,
Thy Preſence and this Day is ſo deere to me.
Looke on my age (my Honorable Sonne)
And then begin to thinke vpon thy Office:
See how on each ſide of mee hang the cares
which I beſtowd on Thee, in ſiluer haires.
And now the Faith, the Loue, the zealous Fires
With which I cheer'd thy Youth, my Age requires,
The duty of a Mother I haue ſhowne,
Through all the Rites of pure affection,
In Care, in Gouernment, in Wealth, in Honour,
Brought Thee to what thou art, thow'ſt all from mee,
Then what thou ſhouldſt be I expect from Thee.
Now to Thy Charge, Thy Gouernment, Thy Cares,
Thy Mother in her age ſubmits her yeares.
And though (to my abundant griefe I ſpeake it,
Which now ore-flowes my ioy) ſome Sonnes I haue
Thankleſſe, vnkind, and diſobedient,
Rewarding all my Bounties with Neglect,
And will of purpoſe wilfully retire
Themſelues, from doing grace and ſeruice to me,
When they haue got all they can, or hope for, from me,
The thankfulneſſe in which Thy Life doth moue,

Did

Did euer promiſe fairer fruits of Loue,
And now they ſhow themſelues, yet they haue all
My bleſsing with them, ſo the world ſhall ſee
'Tis their vnkindneſſe, no defect in me;
But go Thou forward (my thrice Honor'd Sonne)
In waies of goodneſſe, Glory is beſt wunne
When Merit brings it home, diſdaine all Titles
Purchaſ'd with Coine, of Honor take Thou hold,
By thy Deſert let others buy't with Gold;
Fixe thy moſt ſerious Thought vpon the Weight
Thou goeſt to vndergo, 'tis the iuſt Gouernment
Of this Fam'd Citty, (Mee) whom Nations call
Their brighteſt Eye, then with what care & feare
Ought I to be ore-ſeene to be kept cleare?
Spots in deformed Faces are ſcarce Noted,
Faire cheekes are ſtain'd if ner'e ſo little blotted.
See'ſt thou this Key of Gold? it ſhowes thy charge,
This place is the Kings Chamber, all pollution,
Sinne and Vncleanneſſe muſt be lock't out here,
And be kept ſweet, with Sanctity, Faith & Feare,
I ſee Grace takes effect, Heauens Ioy vpon her,
'Tis rare, when Vertue opes the Gate to Honor,
My bleſsing be vpon thee, Sonne, and Lord,
And on my Sonnes all, that obey my word.

Then making her Honour, as before, the Waites of the Citty there in ſeruice, his Lordſhip and the Worthy Company, are lead forward toward the water ſide, where you ſhall finde the Riuer deck't in the richeſt glory to receiue him; vpon whoſe Criſtall Boſome ſtand fiue Iſlands art-fully garniſhed with all manner of Indian Fruite-Trees, Drugges, Spiceries, and the like, the middle Iſland with a faire Caſtle eſpecially beautified.

But making haſte to returne to the Citty againe, where Triumph waites in more Splendor and Magnificence, the firſt then that attends to receiue his Lordſhip off the water at *Bainards Caſtle*, is *Truths Angell* on Horſe-backe, his Raiment of white Silke powdred with Starres of Gold: on his head a Crowne of Gold, a Trumpeter before him on Horſe-backe, and *Zeale* the Champion of *Truth*, in a Garment of Flame-coloured Silke, with a bright haire on his head, from which ſhoot Fire-beames, following cloſe after him, mounted alike, his Right hand holding a flaming Scourge, intimating thereby that as hee is the manifeſter of *Truth*, he is likewiſe the chaſtizer of *Ignorance* and *Error*.

The Salutation of the Angell.

I haue within mine Eye my bleſſed Charge,
Haile Friend of Truth, Safety and Ioy atttnds thee;
I am Truths Angell, by my Miſtreſſe ſent
To guard and guid thee, when thou took'ſt thy Oath
I ſtood on thy Right hand, though to thy eye
In viſible forme I did not then appeare,
Aske but thy Soule t'will tell thee I ſtood neere;
And 'twas a Time to take care of Thee then
At ſuch a Marriage before Heauen and Men,
(Thy Faith being wed to Honor) cloſe behinde thee
Stood Errors Miniſter, that ſtill ſought to blinde thee,
And wrap his ſubtill miſts about thy Oath,
To hide it from the nakednеſſe of Troth,
Which is Truths pureſt glory, but my light
Still as it ſhone, Expeld her blackeſt ſpite;
His Miſts fled by, yet all I could deuiſe,
Could hardly keepe them from ſome Peoples eyes,
But thine they flew from, thy Care's but begun

Wake on, the Victory is not halfe yet wun,
Thou wilt be ſtill aſſaulted, thou ſhalt meete
With many dangers, that in voyce ſeeme ſweet,
And waies moſt pleaſant to a worldlings eye,
My Miſtreſſe ha's but One, but that leads hye
To yo'n triumphant Citty follow mee,
Keepe thou to Truth, Eternitie keepes to thee.
ZEALE. *On boldly Man of Honor, thou ſhalt win,*
I am Truths *Champion*, Zeale, *the Scourge of Sin.*

The Trumpet then ſounding, the *Angell* and *Zeale* ranke themſelues iuſt before his Lordſhip, & conduct him to *Pauls-chaine*, where in the South-yard *Error* in a Chariot with his infernall Miniſters attends to aſſault him, his Garment of Aſh-colour Silke, his head rowld in a cloud, ouer which ſtands, an *Owle*, a *Moale* on one ſhoulder, a *Bat* on the other, all Symboles of blinde Ignorance and Darkneſſe, Miſts hanging at his Eyes: cloſe before him rides *Enuy* his Champion, eating of a humane heart, mounted on a *Rhenoceros*, attired in Red Silke, ſutable to the bloudineſſe of her manners, her left Pap bare, where a Snake faſtens, her Armes halfe Naked, holding in her right hand a Dart tincted in bloud.

The greeting of Error.

Art come? O Welcome my triumphant Lord,
My Glories Sweet-heart! how many millions
Of happy wiſhes hath my loue told out
For this deſired minute, I was dead
Till I enioyd thy Preſence, I ſaw nothing,
A Blindneſſe thicker then Idolatry,
Cloue to my Eye-bals, now I am all of Light,
Of Fire, of Ioy, Pleaſure runs nimbly through mee,

Lets ioyne together both in State and Triumph,
And down with beggarly and friendlesse Vertue,
That hath so long impouerish't this faire Citty,
My Beasts shall trample on her naked breast,
Vnder my Chariot-wheeles her Bones lye prest,
She ner'e shall rise againe, great Power this day,
Is giuen into thy hand, make vse on't Lord,
And let thy Will and Appetite sway the Sword,
Downe with them all now, whom thy heart enuies,
Let not thy Conscience come into thine Eyes
This twelue-month, if thou lou'st reuenge or gaine,
Ile teach thee to cast mists, to blinde the plaine
And simple eye of Man, he shall not know't,
Nor see thy Wrath when 'tis vpon his throte,
All shall be carried with such Art and Wit,
That what thy Lust Acts, shal hee esteemed fit:
Then for Attendants that may best obserue thee,
Ile picke out Seriants of my hand to serue thee,
Heres Gluttony and Sloth, two pretious Slaues,
Wil tell thee more then a whole Heard of Knaues,
The worth of euery Office to a Haire,
And who bids most, and how the Markets are,
Let them alone to smell, and for a need,
They'l bring thee in Bribes for Measures and light Bread,
Keepe thy eye winking, and thy hand wide ope,
Then thou shalt know what Wealth is, and the scope
Of rich Authority, Ho tis sweete and deere,
Make vse of Time then thou'st but one poore Yeare,
And that will quickly slide, then be not nice,
Both Power and Profite cleaues to my Aduice,
And what's he lockes his Eare from those sweet Charmes,
Or runs not to meet Gaine with wide-stretch't Armes,
There is a poore thin thred-bare thing, cal'd Truth,

I giue thee warning of her, if shee speake
Stop both thine eares close, most Professions breake
That euer delt with her, an Vnlucky thing,
Shee's almost sworne to nothing, I can bring
A thousand of our Parish, besides Queanes,
That nere knew what Truth *meant, nor euer meanes.*
Some I could cull out here, e'en in this Throng,
If I would show my Children, and how strong
I wore in faction; lasse poore simple Stray,
Shee's all her life time finding out one way:
Shee'as but one foolish way, streight on, right forward,
And yet she makes a toyle on't, and goes on
With Care and Eeare forsooth, when I can run
Quer a hundred with delight and pleasure,
Backe-waies, and by-waies, and fetch in my Treasure
After the wishes of my heart, by shifts,
Deceits, and slightes, and Ile giue thee those giftes;
Ile show thee all my corners yet vntold,
The very nookes where Beldams hide their gold,
In hollow wals and chimneies, where the Sun
Neuer yet shone, nor Truth *came euer neere,*
This of thy Life Ile make the golden yeare: Follow me then.
Enuy. *Learne now to scorne thy Inferiours, those most loue*
And wish to eate their Hearts, that sit aboue thee. (*thee,*

Zeale stird vp with Diuine Indignation, at the Impudēce of these Hel-hounds, both forceth their retirement, and makes way for the Chariot wherein *Truth* his Mistresse sits, in a close garment of white Sattin, which makes her appeare thin and naked, figuring thereby her simplicity and neerenesse of heart to those that embrace her; a roabe of white silke cast ouer it, fil'd with the eies of Eagles, shewing her deep

insight, and height of wisedome, ouer her thrice sanctified head a milke-white Doue, and on each shoulder one, the sacred Emblemes of Purity, Meekenesse, and Innocency, vnder her Feete, Serpents, in that she treads downe all Subtelty and Fraud, her Fore-head empal'd with a Diadem of Stars, the Witnesse of her Eternall descent; on her Breast a pure round Cristall, showing the brightnesse of her thoughts and actions; a Sun in her Right-hand, then which, nothing is truer, a fan fild all with Starres in her left, with which she parts Darkenesse, and strikes away the vapours of Ignorance; if you hearken to *Zeale* her Champion after his holy anger is past against Error, and his crue, hee will giue it you in better tearmes, or at least more smoothly and pleasingly.

The speech of Zeale.

Bold Furies, backe, or with this scourge of Fire
Whence sparkles out Religious chast-desire
Ile whip you downe to darkenesse; this a place
Worthy my Mistresse, her Æternall Grace
Be the full obiect to feast all these eies
But Thine *the first, hee that feeds here is wise;*
Nor by the naked plainenesse of her weeds
Iudge thou her worth, no burnisht glosse Truth *needs;*
That Crowne of Starres showes her descent from heauen;
That Roabe of white fild all with Eagles eies,
Her piercing sight through hidden mysteries;
Those milke-white Doues her spotlesse Innocence;
Those Serpents at her feete her victory showes
Ouer deceite and guile, her rankest foes,
And by that Cristall Mirrour at her Brest,
The cleerenesse of her Conscience is exprest;

And showing that her deeds all darkenesse shun,
Her Right-hand holds Truths *Symbole, the bright Sunne;*
A Fan of Starres shee in the other twists,
With which shee chaceth away Errors *mists:*
And now shee makes to thee, her so euen Grace,
For to her Rich and Poore looke with one Face.

The Words of Truth.

Man rayſd by Faith and Loue, vpon whoſe Head
Honour ſits freſh, let not thy Heart be led
In ignorant waies of inſolence and pride
From Her, *that to this day hath bene thy guide;*
I neuer ſhowed thee yet more Paths then one,
And thou haſt found ſufficient That alone
To bring Thee hether, then go forward ſtill,
And hauing moſt power, firſt ſubiect thy Will,
Giue the firſt Fruits of Iuſtice to thy Selfe,
Then doſt thou wiſely Gouerne, though that Elfe
Of Sin and Darkeneſſe ſtill oppoſing mee,
Counſels thy Appetite to Maſter Thee.
But call to minde what brought thee to this Day,
Was Falſhood, Cruelty, or Reuenge the way?
Thy luſt or pleaſures? peoples curſe or hate?
Theſe were no waies could raiſe Thee to this State
The ignorant muſt acknowledge, if then from Mee,
Which no Ill dare deny, or Sin controule,
Forſake mee not, that can aduance thy ſoule:
I ſee a bleſſed yeelding in thy Eye,
Thou'rt mine, leade on, thy Name ſhall neuer dye.

Theſe words ended, they all ſet forward, this Chariot of Truth and her cœleſtiall hand-maids the Graces & Vertues, taking place next before his Lord-ſhip, Zeale and the Angell before that, the Chariot of Error following

lowing as neere as it can get, all paſſing on, till they come into *Pauls* Church-yard, where ſtand ready the fiue Ilands, thoſe dumbe Glories that I ſpake of before vpon the water, vpon the height of theſe fiue Ilands ſit fiue perſons repreſenting the fiue Sences, *Viſus*, *Auditus*, *Tactus*, *Guſtus*, *Olfactus*, (or) *Seeing*, *Hearing*, *Touching*, *Taſting*, *Smelling*; at their feete their proper Emblemes, *Aquila*, *Ceruus*, *Araneus*, *Simia*, *Canis*, an *Eagle*, a *Hart*, a *Spider*, an *Ape*, a *Dogge*.

No ſooner can your eyes take leaue of theſe, but they may ſuddenly eſpy a ſtrange Ship making toward, and that which may raiſe greater aſtoniſhment, it hauing neither Saylor nor Pilot, onely vpon a white ſilke ſtreamer theſe two words ſet in letters of Gold, *Veritatis Gubernor*, *I am Steer'd by Truth*; the Perſons that are contained within this little Veſſell are onely foure; a King of the Moores, his Queene, and two Attendants of their owne colour, the reſt of their followers, people the Caſtle that ſtands in the middle Iland, of which company two or three on the top appeares to ſight; this King ſeeming much aſtoniſhed at the many eies of ſuch a multitude, vtters his thoughts in theſe words.

The Speech of that King.

I ſee amazement ſet vpon the faces
Of theſe white people, wondrings, and ſtrange gazes,
Is it at mee? do my Complexion draw
So many Chriſtian Eyes, that neuer ſaw
A King ſo blacke before? no, now I ſee
Their entire obiect, the're all meant to thee
(Graue Citty Gouernour) my Queene and I

well

Well honor'd with the Glances that by,
I must confesse many wilde thoughts may rise,
Opinions, Common murmurs, and fixt Eyes
At my so strange arriuall, in a Land
Where true Religion and her Temples stand:
I being a Moore, then in Opinions lightnesse
As far from Sanctity as my Face from whitenesse;
But I forgiue the Iudgings of th'Vnwise,
Whose Censures euer quicken in their Eyes,
Onely begot of outward forme and show,
And I thinke meete to let such Censurers Know,
How euer Darkenesse dwels vpon my Face,
Truth in my soule sets vp the Light of Grace,
And though in daies of Error I did runne
To giue all Adoration to the Sunne,
The Moone & Starres, nay Creatures base and poore,
Now onely their Creator I adore
My Queene and People all, at one time wun,
By the Religious Conuersation
Of English Merchants, Factors, Trauailers,
Whose Truth *did with our Spirits hold Commerse*
As their affaires with vs, following their path
Wee all were brought to the true Christian Faith:
Such benefite in good Example dwels,
It oft hath power to conuert Infidels;
Nor could our Desires rest, till wee were led
Vnto this place, where those good Spirits were bred;
And see how we arriu'd, in Blessed Time,
To do that Mistresse *Seruice, in the Prime*
Of these her Spotlesse Triumphs, and t'attend
That Honorable Man, *her Late sworne Friend.*
If any wonder at the safe Arriue
Of this small Vessell, which all wethers driue

According to their Rages, where appeares
Nor Marriner nor Pylot (arm'd' gainſt feares)
Know this came hether from mans guidance free,
Onely by Truth *Steer'd; as our Soules muſt bee;*
And ſee where one of her faire Temples ſtands,
Do Reuerence, Moores, *bow low, and Kiſſe your hands,*
Behold our Queene.

Queene. *Her Goodneſſes are ſuch*
Wee cannot Honour Her, and Her Houſe too much.

All in the Shippe and thoſe in the Caſtle bowing their bodies to the Temple of Saint *Paul*, but *Error* ſmiling betwixt Scorne and Anger to ſee ſuch a deuout humility take hold of that complexion, breakes into theſe,

Error. *What, haue my Sweete-fac'ſt Deuils forſooke me*
Nay, then my charmes will haue enough to doo? (*too*;

But Time, ſitting by the Frame of *Truth* his Daughters Chariot, attir'd agree-able to his Condition, with his Hower-glaſſe, Wings, and Sithe; Knowing beſt himſelfe when it is fitteſt to ſpeake, goes forward in this manner:

This Time *hath brought t'effect, for on thy Day*
Nothing but Truth *and Vertue ſhall diſplay:*
Their Virgin Enſignes, Infidelity,
Barbariſme *and* Guile *ſhall in deepe Darkeneſſe lye:*
O I could euer ſtand ſtill thus, and gaze,
Neuer turne Glaſſe agen; wiſh no more daies.
So this might euer laſt, pitty the Light
Of this rich Glory muſt be caſde in Night;
But Time *muſt on, I go, 'tis ſo decreed,*
To bleſſe my Daughter Truth, *and all her ſeed*
With Ioyes Immortal, Triumphs neuer ending:
And as Her hand lifts mee, to thy Aſcending

May it be alwaies ready (worthy Sonne)
To haſten which, my Howers ſhall quickly run,
Seeſt thou yon place, thether Ile weekely bring thee, Saint Pauls
where Truths *cæleſtiall Harmony Thou ſhalt heare,* Croſſe.
To which I charge Thee bend a ſerious Eare:
Leade on, Times *ſwift Attendants.*

Then the fiue Ilands paſſe along into *Cheape-ſide*, the Ship next after them; the Chariot of *Truth* ſtill before his Lord-ſhip, and that of *Error* ſtill chac'ſt before it, where their Eies meete with another more ſubtile Obiect, planting it ſelfe cloſe by the little Conduite, which may beare this Character, the True Forme and Faſhion of a Mount Triumphant, but the Beauty and Glory thereof ouer-ſpred with a thicke Sulphurous Darkeneſſe, it being a Fog or Miſt raiſde from *Error*, enuiouſly to blemiſh that Place which beares the Title of *Londons Triumphant Mount* (the chiefe Grace and Luſter of the whole Triumph) at the foure corners ſit foure Monſters *Errors* Diſciples, on whom hangs part of the Miſt for their cloathing, holding in their hands little thicke Clubbes, coloured like their Garments; the Names of theſe foure Monſters, *Barbariſme, Ignorance, Impudence, Falſhood*, who at the neere approaching of *Truths* Chariot, are ſeene a little to tremble, whilſt her Deity giues life to theſe words.

Truth.

VVhat's here? the Miſt of Error? *dare his Spight*
Staine this Triumphant Mount? *where our delight*
Hath bene Diuinely fixt ſo many Ages,
Dare darkeneſſe now breathe forth her Inſolent Rages,
And hang in poyſnous Vapours o're the Place

From whence wee receiu'd Loue and return'd Grace?
I see if Truth *awhile but turne her Eies,*
Thicke are the Mists that o're faire Cities rise:
Wee did expect to receiue welcome here,
From no deform'd Shapes but Diuine and Cleere,
In steed of Monsters that this place attends;
To meete with Goodnesse and her Glorious Freinds,
Nor can they so forget mee to bee far,
I Know there stands no other enuious Bar:
But that foule Cloude to Darken this Bright Day,
Which with this Fanne of Starres Ile Chace away.
Vanish Infectious Fog that I may see
This Citties Grace, that takes her Light from Mee.
Vanish, giue Way.

At this her powerfull command, the Cloude suddenly rises, and changes into bright spredding Canopy, stucke thicke with Starres, and beames of Gold, shooting forth round about it, the Mount appearing then most rich in Beauty and Glory, the foure Monsters falling flat at the Foote of the Hill; that graue Fœminine Shape, figuring *London*, sitting in greatest Honour; next aboue her in the most eminent place, sits *Religion*, the Modell of a faire Temple on her Head, and a burning Lampe in her Hand; the proper Emblemes of her Sanctity, Watchfulnesse, and Zeale; on her right Hand sits *Liberality*, her head circled with a Wreath of Gold, in her hand a *Cornucopia*, or *Horne of Abundance*, out of which rusheth a seeming Floud of Gold, but no way flowing to *Prodigality*; for as the Sea is gouern'd by the Moone, so is that wealthy Riuer by her Eie, (for *Bounty* must bee led by Iudgement) and hence is Art-fully deriued the onely difference betweene *Prodigality* and *Bounty*, the one deales her Giftes with open eyes, the other

other blind-fold; on her left side sits *Perfect Loue*, his proper Seate being neerest the Heart, wearing vpon his Head a wreath of white and red Roses mingled together, the Antient Witnesse of *Peace*, *Loue* and *Vnion*, wherein consists the Happinesse of this Land, his Right hand holding a Sphære, where in a Circle of Gold, is contained all the 12 Companies Armes; and therefore cal'd the *Sphære of true Brother-hood*, or *Annulus Amoris*, the *Ring of Loue*: vpon his left hand stand two Billing Turtles, expressing thereby the happy Condition of mutuall Loue and Society: on either side of this Mount are displaid the Charitable and Religious workes of *London* (especially the worthy Company of *Grocers*) in giuing maintenance to Schollers, Souldiers, Widdowes, Orphans, and the like, where are plac'd one of each number: & on the two Heights sit *Knowledge* & *Modesty*; *Knowledge* wearing a Crowne of Starres, in her Hand a Perspectiue Glasse, betokening both her High Iudgement, and Deepe In-sight, the Brow of *Modestie* circled with a Wreath all of red Roses, expressing her Bashfulnesse and Blushings, in her hand a Crimson Baner, fild with Siluer Stars, figuring the white Purity of her Shamfastnesse, her cheeks not red with Shame or Guilt, but with Virgin-Feare, and Honor. At the Backe of this Triumphant Mount, *Chastity*, *Fame*, *Simplicity*, *Meekenesse*, haue their Seats, *Chastity* wearing on her Head a Garland of white Roses, in her Hand a white Silke Banner, fild with Starres of Gold, expressing the æternity of her vn-spotted Pureneſse: *Fame* next vnder her, on her a Head a Crowne of Siluer, and a Siluer Trumpet in her hand, showing both her Brightnesse and Shrilnesse: *Simplicity* with a Milke-white Doue vpon her Head, and

Meekenesse with a Garland of mingled Flowers, in her hand a white Silke Banner with a red Crosse, a Lambe at her Feet, by which both their Conditions are sufficiently expreſt; The Mount thus made glorious by the Power of *Truth*, and the Miſt expeld, *London* thus ſpeakes.

London.

Thicke Scales of Darkneſſe in a Moments ſpace
Are fell from both mine Eyes, I ſee the Face
Of all my Friends about me (now) moſt cleerely,
Religions Siſters, whom I Honour deerely;
Oh I behold the worke, it comes from Thee
Illuſtrious Patroneſſe, *thou that mad'ſt me ſee*
In Dayes of blindeſt Ignorance, when this Light
Was ee'n extinguiſht, Thou Redeem'ſt my ſight;
Then to Thy Charge (with Reuerence) I commend
That worthy Son *of mine, thy vertuous Friend,*
Whom on my Loue and Bleſſing I require,
To obſerue Thee Faithfully, and his Deſire
To imitate Thy will, and there lye bounded,
For Power's a Dangerous Sea, which muſt be ſounded
With Truth *and* Iuſtice, *or Man ſoone runs on*
'Gainſt Rockes and Shelues to Diſſolution;
Then that thou maiſt the Difference euer know,
Twixt Truth *and* Error, *a few words ſhall ſhow;*
The many Wayes that to blind Error *ſlide*
Are in the entrance broad, Hell-mouth is wide,
But when Man enters farre, he findes it then
Cloſe, Darke and Streight, for Hell returnes no Men;
But the One ſacred Way which Truth *directs,*
Onely at Entrance Mans Affection Checks,
And is there ſtrict alone, to which place throngs
All Worlds Afflictions, Calumnies and wrongs.

But hauing past those, then thou find'st a way
In bredth, whole Heauen, in length, æternall Day,
Then following Truth, *she brings Thee to that way;*
But first obserue what workes she here requires,
Religion, Knowledge, Sanctity, Chast Desires,
Then Charity, which Bounty must expresse,
To Schollers, Souldiers, Widdowes, Fatherlesse;
These haue beene still my Workes, they must be thine,
Honour and Action must together shine,
Or the best part's Eclipst, behold but this,
Thy very Crest shewes Bounty, here 'tis put;
Thou giu'st the open Hand, keepe it not shut;
But to the Needie, or Deseruing Spirit,
Let it spred wide, and Heauen enrowles that Merit;
Do these, and proue my Hopefull Worthy Sonne,
Yet nothing's spoke, but needfully must bee done.
And so lead forward.

At which Words the whole Triumph moues in his richest glory toward the Crosse in *Cheape*, at which place *Error* full of Wrath and Mallice to see his Mist so chaced away, falles into this Fury.

Error.

Heart of all the Fiends in Hell!
Could her Beggarly Power expell
Such a Thicke and Poisonous Mist
which I set Enuies Snakes to twist;
Vp Monsters, was her Feeble Frowne
Of Force to strike my Officers downe?
Barbarisme, Impudence, Lies, Ignorance,
All your Hell-bred Heads aduance,
And once againe with Rotten Darknesse shroud
This Mount Triumphant, drop downe Sulphurous Cloud.

At which the Mist falles againe, and hangs ouer all the Beauty of the Mount, not a Person of Glory seene, onely the foure Monsters gather courage againe, and take their Seates, aduancing their Clubs aboue their Heads, which no sooner perceiu'd, but *Truth* in her Chariot making neere to the place, willing still to rescue her Friends and Seruants, from the Powers of Ignorance and Darkenesse, makes vse of these Words,

Truth.

Dare yet the workes of Vglinesse appeare
Gainst this Dayes Brightnesse, and see Vs so neere?
How bold is Sinne and Hell, that yet it dare
Rise against Vs? but know (Perditions Heire)
T'is Idle to contend against our Power,
Vanish againe Fowle Mist from Honors Bower.

Then the Cloud dispersing it selfe againe, and all the Mount appearing Glorious, it passeth so on to the *Standard*, about which place, by Elaborate action from *Error* it falles againe, and goes so darkned, till it comes to *S. Laurence* lane end, where by the former words by *Truth* vtter'd, being againe chac'd away, *London* thus gratefully requites her Goodnesse.

London.

Æternities bright Sister, by whose Light,
Errors *infectious Workes still flye my Sight.*
Receiue thy Seruants Thankes; Now perfect Loue
Whose Right hand holds a Sphære, wherein doe moue
Twelue blest Societies, whose belou'd encrease,
Stiles it the Ring of Brother-hood, Faith *and* Peace,
From thy Harmonious Lips let them all taste,
The Golden Counsell that makes Health long last.

Perfect Loue then standing vp, holding in his right hand

hand a Sphære, on the other, two Billing Turtles, giues these words.

Perfect Loue.

First then I baniſh from this Feaſt of Ioy,
All Exceſſe, Epicuriſme, both which deſtroy
The Healths of Soule and Body, no ſuch Gueſt
Ought to be welcome to this Reuerend Feaſt
Where Truth *is Miſtreſſe, who's admitted here,*
Muſt come for Vertues *loue more then for Cheere,*
These two white Turtles may example giue
How Perfect Ioy and Brother-hood ſhould liue,
And they from whom Graue Order is expected,
Of rude Exceſſe muſt neuer bee detected;
This is the Councell which that Lady calles
Golden Aduice, *for by it no man falles*
Hee that deſires Dayes healthfull, ſound and bleſt,
Let moderate Iudgement ſerue him at his Feaſt,
And ſo lead on, may Perfect Brother-hood *ſhine,*
Still in Sphære, and Honor ſtill in thine.

This Speech ſo ended, his Lordſhip and the Companies paſſe on to *Guild-hall*; and at their Returning backe, theſe Triumphs attend to bring his Lordſhip toward Saint *Pauls* Church, there to performe thoſe yearely Ceremoniall Rites, which Antient and Graue Order hath determined, *Error* by the way ſtill buſie and in Action to drawe Darkneſſe often vpon that Mount of Triumph, which by *Truth* is as often diſperſt: then all returning homewards full of Beauty and Brightneſſe; this Mount and the Chariot of Truth, both plac'd neere to the Entrance of his Lordſhips Gate, neere *Leaden-hall*; *London*, the Lady of that Mount, firſt giues vtterance to theſe words,

London.

Before the Day sprang from the Mornings wombe
I rose, my Care was earlier then the Light,
Nor would it rest till I now brought Thee Home,
Marrying to one Ioy both thy Day and Night;
Nor can we call this Night, if our Eyes count
The Glorious beames that dance about this Mount,
Sure did not Custome guide 'em, Men would say
Two Noones were seene together in one day,
The Splendor is so piercing, Triumph seemes
As if it sparkled, and to Mens esteemes
Threw forth his Thankes, wrapt vp in Golden Flames,
As if hee would giue Light to reade their Names
That were at Cost this Day to make him shine,
And be as free in Thankes, as they in Coine,
But see Time *checkes me, and his Sithe stands ready*
To cut all off, no State on Earth is steady,
Therefore Graue Sonne *the Time that is to come,*
Bestow on Truth, *and so Thour't welcome Home.*

Time standing vp in *Truths* Chariot, seeming to make an offer with his Sithe to cut off the Glories of the Day, growing neere now to the Season of Rest and Sleepe, his Daughter *Truth* thus meekely stayes his Hand.

Truth.

Father desist a while till I send forth
A few words to our Friend, that Man of Worth:
The Power that Heauen, Loue, and the Cities choyce,
Haue all confer'd on Thee with mutuall voyce,
As it is Great, Reuerend, and Honorable,
Meet it with equall Goodnesse, strive t'excell
Thy former Selfe, as thy Command exceeds
Thy last-yeares State, so let new Acts, old Deeds;

And

And as great men in Riches and in Birth
(Heightning their Bloods, and ioyning Earth to Earth,)
Bestow their best houres and most serious cares
In chusing out fit Matches for their Heires:
So never giue Thou ouer day or howre
Till with a Vertue thou hast matcht this Power:
For what is Greatnesse if not ioyn'd with Grace?
Like one of High-blood that hath married Base.
Who seekes Authority with an Ignorant Eye,
Is like a man seekes out his Enemy:
For where before his Follies were not spred
Or his corruptions, then theire cleerely read
Eeⁿ by the eyes of all men; 'tis so pure
A Cristall of it selfe, it will endure
No poyson of Oppression, Bribes, Hir'd Law,
But 'twill appeare soone in some cracke or flaw,
How e're men sooth their hopes with Popular breath,
If not in Life, the'ile finde that crack in Death:
I was not made to fawne or stroake sin smooth
Bee wise and heare me then that cannot sooth:
I haue set Thee High now, bee so in Example,
Made thee a Pinacle in Honors Temple,
Fixing ten thousand Eyes upon thy Brow
There is no hiding of thy Actions now,
They must abide the Light, and imitate Mee,
Or bee throwne downe to Fire where Errors bee.
Nor onely with these words thy eare I feede,
But giue those part that shall in Time succeed,
To thee in present, and to them to come
That Truth *may bring you all with Honour home*
To these your Gates, and to those, after these
Of which your owne good Actions Keepe the Keyes;
Then as the Loues of thy Society

Hath ſtrowde in Bounties on this Day and Thee,
Counting all Coſt too little for true Art,
Doubling rewards there where they found Deſert,
In Thankefulneſſe, Iuſtice, and Vertuous care
Perfect their hopes, thoſe thy Requitals are;
VVith Fatherly Reſpect embrace 'em all,
Faith *in thy Heart*, and Plenty *in thy Hall,*
Loue *in thy VValkes*, but Iuſtice *in thy State,*
Zeale *in thy Chamber*, Bounty *at thy Gate.*
And ſo to Thee and theſe a Bleſſed Night,
To thee Faire Citty, *Peace, my Grace and Light.*

Trumpets ſounding Triumphantly,

Zeale, the Champion of *Truth* on Horſe-backe, his head circled with ſtrange Fires, appeares to his Miſtreſſe, and thus ſpeakes.

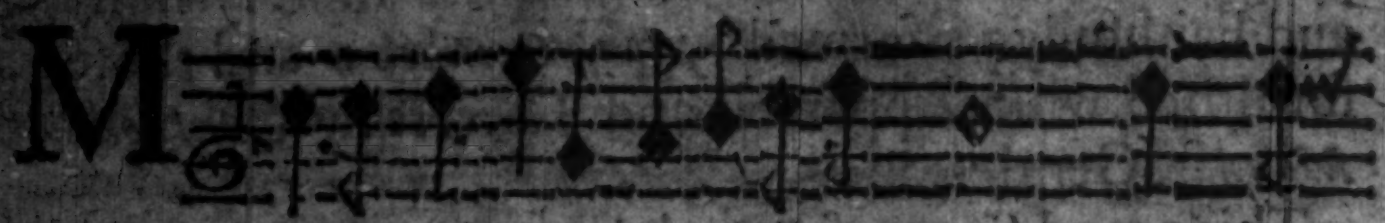
See yonder, Lady, Errors *Chariot ſtands,*
Brauing the Power of your inwonſt commands,
Emboldned by the priuiledge of Night
And her blacke Faction, yet to crowne his Spight
VVhich Ile confound, I burne in Diuine wrath.
Truth. *Strike them, I giue thee leaue to ſhoote it forth.*
Zeale. *Then here's to the deſtruction of that Seate,*
There's nothing ſeene of Thee but Fire ſhall eate.

At which, a Flame ſhootes from the Head of *Zeale*, which faſtening vpon that Carlot of *Error* ſets it on Fire, and all the Beaſts that are ioynde to it.

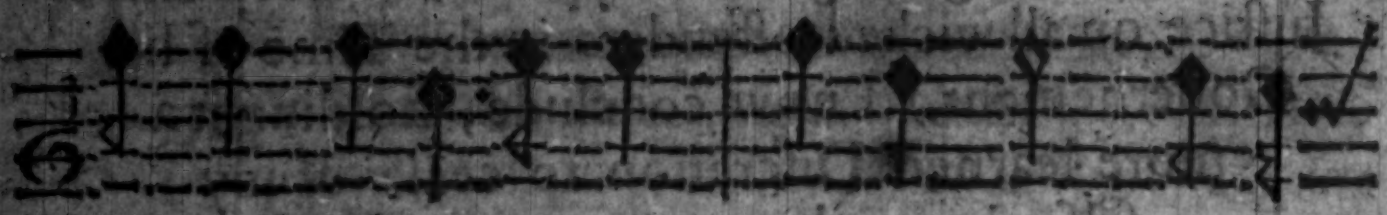
The Fire-worke being made by Maiſter *Humphrey Nichols*, a Man excellent in his Art: and the

whole Worke and Body of the Triumph, with all the proper Beauties of the Workemanſhip moſt Artfully and Faithfully performed by *Iohn Grinkin*: and thoſe furniſhed with Apparell and Porters by *Anthony Monday*, Gentleman.

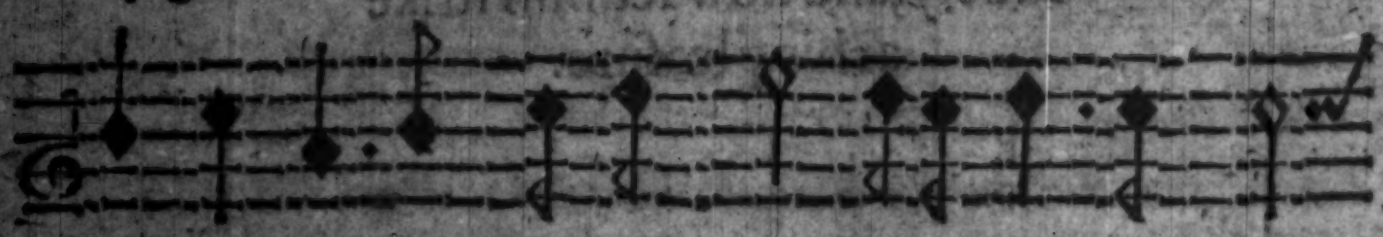
This proud Seate of *Error* lying now onely glowing in Imbers, (being a Figure or Type of his Lord-ſhips Iuſtice on all wicked offenders in the Time of his Gouernement,) I now conclude, holding it a more learned Diſcretion to ceaſe of my ſelfe, then to haue *Time* cut mee off rudely, and now let him ſtrike at his pleaſure.



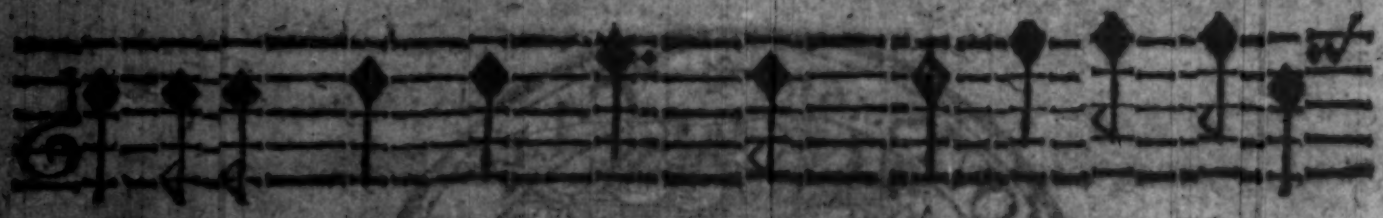
Other of many honorable Sonnes, thinke not



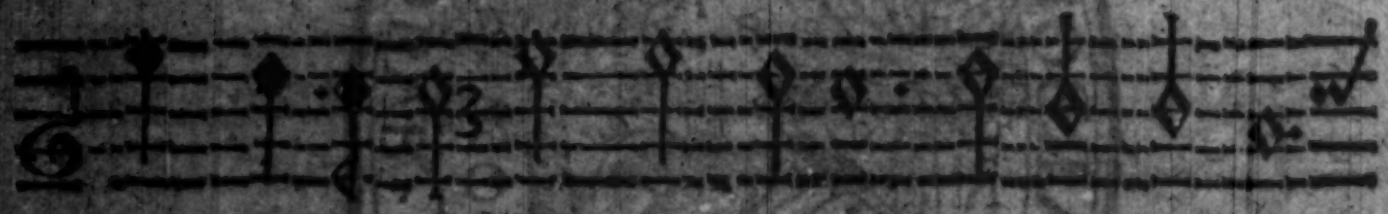
thy glasse too slowly runs, That in Times hand is



set, because thy worthy Sonne appeares not yet,



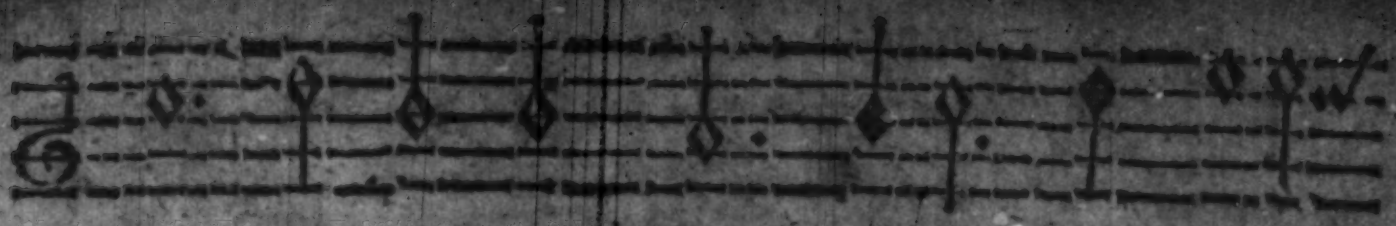
Lady be pleasd the houre growes on, thy ioys will be



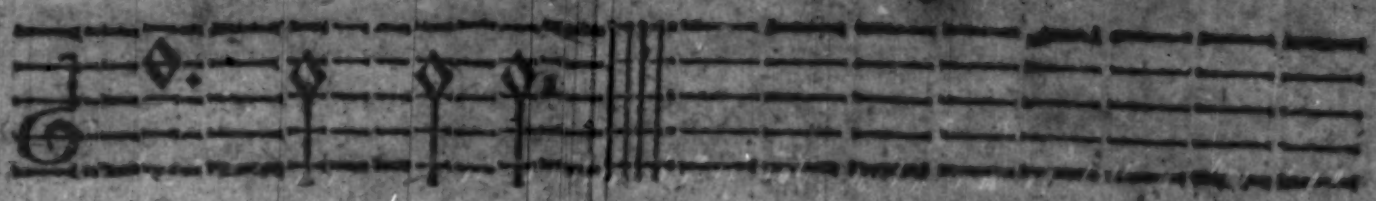
compleat anon, thou shalt behold, the man in-rold,

in honors-booke whome vertue raises, loue circled,

round,

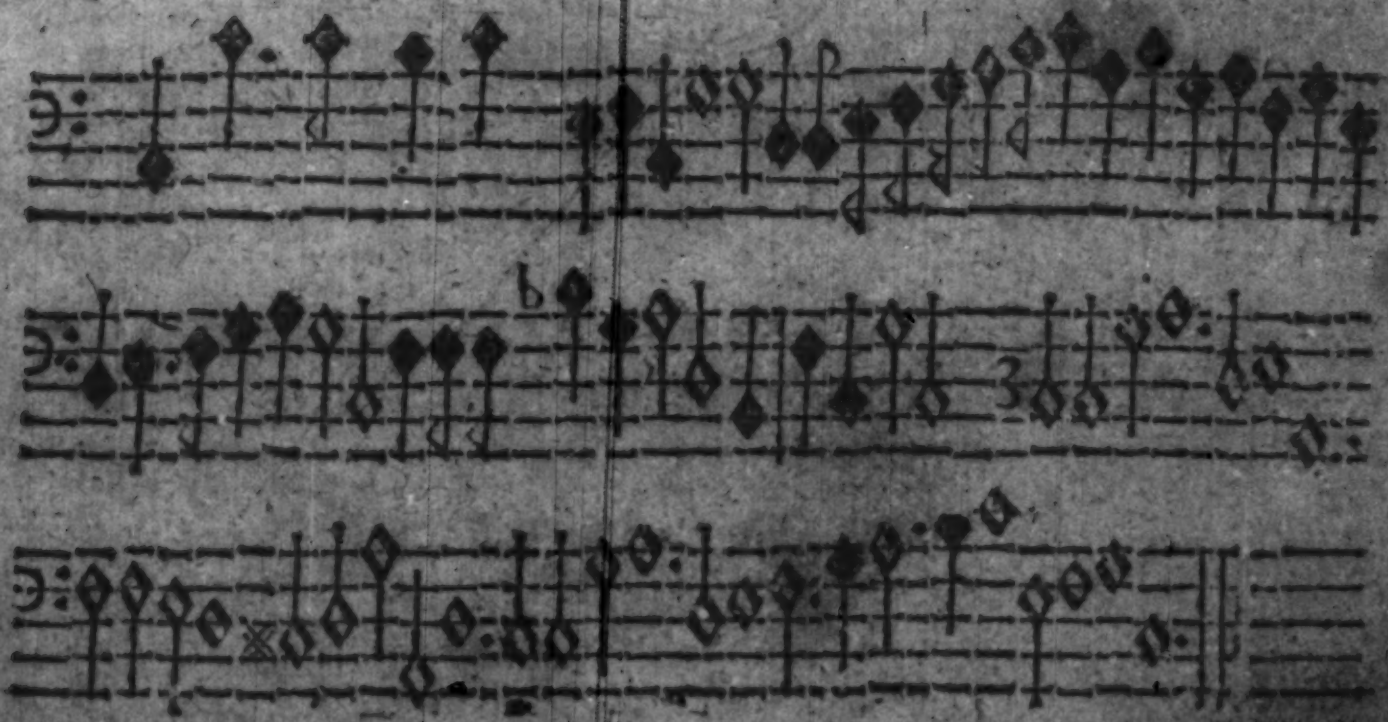


round, his tryumphes crownd, withall good wiſhes,



prayers and praiſes.
VVhat greater comfort to a Mothers heart,
Then to behold her ſonnes Deſert:
Goe hand in hand with loue,
Reſpect and Honor (Bleſſings from aboue)
It is of power all greefes to kill,
And with a floud of ioy to fill.
Thy Aged Eyes,
To ſee him riſe,
VVith Glory deck, where Expectation.
Grace, Truth, and Fame,
Met in his Name,
Attends his Honors Confirmation.

BASSVS.



(forms part of Middleton's
Triumphs of Truth, 1613)

~~404. b. 50~~

THE MANNER OF his Lordſhips Entertainment on *Michaelmas day* laſt, being *the day of his Honorable Election, together* with the worthy Sir IOHN SVVINARTON, Knight, then Lord Maior, the Learned and Iuditious, Sir HENRY MONTAGVE, Maiſter Recorder, and many of the Right Worſhipfull the Aldermen of the Citty of LONDON.

At that moſt Famous and Admired Worke of the Running Streame from Amwell Head, into the Ceſterne neere Iſlington, being the ſole Inuention, Coſt, and Induſtry of that Worthy Maiſter HVGH. MIDDLETON, of *London* Goldſmith, for the generall good of the CITTY.

By T. M.

LONDON,
Printed by NICHOLAS OKES. 1613.

The manner of his Lord-

ships Entertainement vpon *Michaelmas day last, being the day of his Ho-*norable Election, together with the Worthy Sir IOHN SVVINARTON, Knight, then Lord Maior, the Learned and Iuditious, Sir HENRY MONTAGVE, Maister Recorder, and many of the Right Worshipfull, the Aldermen of the *Citie of London.*

PERFECTION (which is the Crowne of all Inuentions) swelling now high with happy welcomes to all the glad well-wishers of her admired Maturity, the Father and Maister of this Famous Worke, expressing thereby both his thankefulnesse to Heauen, and his zeale to the Citty of *London*, in true ioy of heart to see his Time, Trauailes and Expences, so successiuely greeted, thus giues entertainment to that Honorable Assembly.

At their first appearing, the Warlike Musicke of Drummes and Trumpets liberally beates the Aire, sounds as proper as in Battell, for there is no Labour

that Man vndertakes, but hath a warre within it ſelfe, and Perfection makes the Conqueſt, and no few, or meane On-ſets of Malice, Calumnies and Slanders, hath this Reſolued Gentleman borne off, before his labours were inueſted with Victory, as in this following ſpeech to thoſe Honorable Auditors then placed vpon the Mount, is more at large related.

A Troope of Labourers, to the number of three-ſcore or vpwards, all in greene Cappes alike, bearing in their hands the Symboles of their ſeuerall imployments in ſo great a buſineſſe, with Drummes before them, marching twice or thrice about the Ceſterne, orderly preſent themſelues before the Mount; and after their obeyſance,

The Speech.

LOng haue wee labour'd, long deſir'd and praid
For this great Workes perfection, and by th' Aide
Of Heauen and good Mens wiſhes, 'tis at length
Happily conquer'd by Coſt, Art and Strength;
And after fiue yeares deere expence in dayes,
Trauaile and paines, beſides the infinite wayes
Of Malice, Enuy, falſe ſuggeſtions,
Able to daunt the Spirits of mighty ones
In Wealth and Courage, This, a Worke ſo rare,
Onely by one mans Induſtry, Coſt, and Care
Is brought to bleſt effect, ſo much withſtood,
His onely Aime, the Cities generall Good,
And where before many vniuſt Complaints
Enuiouſly Seated, hath oft caus'd Reſtraints,
Stoppes and great Croſſes to our Maiſters Charge,

And the workes hinderance; Fauour now at large
Spreds it ſelfe open to him, and commends
To admiration both his Paines and Ends.
(The Kings moſt Gracious Loue) Perfection draws
Fauour from Princes, and from all Applauſe,
Then Worthy Magiſtrates, *to whoſe Content*
Next to the State, all this great Care was bent,
And for the publicke Good (which Grace requires)
Your Loues and Furtherance chiefly he deſires
To cherish theſe proceedings, which may giue
Courage to ſome that may hereafter liue
To practiſe deedes of goodneſſe, and of Fame,
And cheerfully Light their Actions by his Name.
Clearke of the worke, reach me the booke to ſhow
How many Arts from ſuch a Labour flow.

Theſe lines following are read in the Cleatkes Booke.

Firſt here's the Ouer-ſeer, this try'd Man,
An antient Souldier, and an Artizan;
The Clearke, next him Mathematitian;
The Maiſter of the Timber-worke takes place
Next after theſe, the Meaſurer in like caſe,
Bricke-layer, and Enginer, and after thoſe
The Borer and the Pauier, then it ſhowes
The Labourers next, Keeper of Amwell-head,
The Walkers laſt, ſo all their Names are read,
Yet theſe but parcels of ſixe hundred more,
That at one time haue beene employd before,
Yet theſe in ſight, and all the reſt will ſay,
That euery weeke they had their Royall Pay.

The Speech goes on.

Now for the Fruits then, flow forth pretious Spring
So long and deerely sought for, and now bring
Comfort to all that love thee, lowdly sing,
And with thy Cristall murmurs strucke together,
Bid all thy true Wel-wishers Welcome hither.

At which words the Floud-gate opens, the Streame let in into the Cesterne, Drummes and Trumpets giuing it Triumphant welcomes, and for the close of this their Honorable entertainment, a peale of Chambers.

FINIS.

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